



RED
MASK



Red MASK

NO.44

Don't miss— **“DEATH
25¢ at
SPLIT
MESA!”**



FVB

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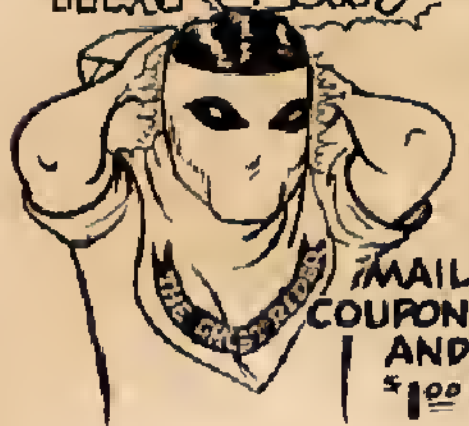


**YOU CAN BE
THE GHOST RIDER!**

**ONLY
\$1⁰⁰**

**AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS
WITH THIS WEIRD SCARF
THAT BECOMES A REAL
GHOST RIDER MASK
THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK!**

A scarf
...with the name of
THE GHOST RIDER bannered
on it...and a **SPOOKY**
white mask that becomes a
GHOST RIDER SKULL when
the mask is tied on...!



**MAIL
COUPON
AND
\$1⁰⁰**

**COMPIX, Inc. Dept. R.M.44
10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.**

Name _____

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City _____ **State** _____

Send cash, check or money order

Red MASK

THE GREAT APACHE CHIEFTAIN, HIERRO, HAD SET A WELL-HIDDEN TRAP AND ONLY REDMASK'S SKILL AND WITS STOOD BETWEEN AN UNSUSPECTING ARMY TRAIN AND —

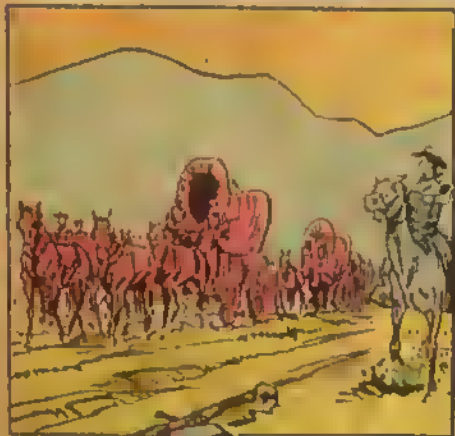
"DEATH AT SPLIT MESA!"



FVB

ACROSS A SUN-SEARED WASTE, AN ARMY SUPPLY TRAIN MADE ITS WAY, GHOSTLY MIRAGES TANTALIZING WEARY CAVALRYMEN...

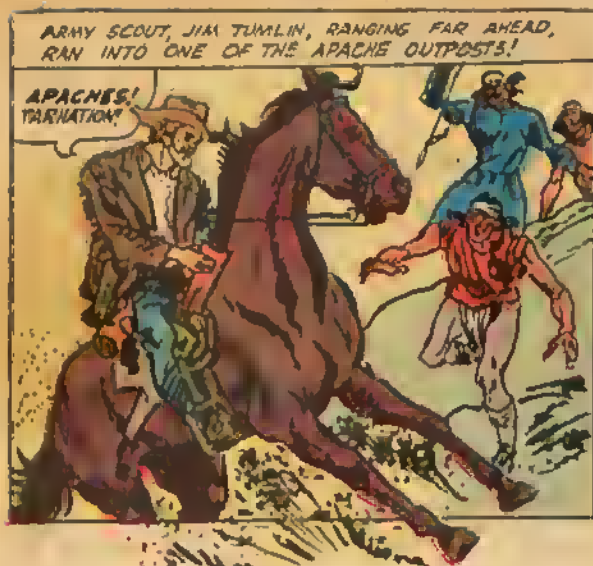
AND ON THE SCATTERED HEIGHTS OF MESA AND VOLCANIC UPRUPT OF ROCK, INVISIBLE DEATH WAITED, WATCHING WITH CRUEL AND CALCULATING EYES...



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ARMY SCOUT, JIM TUMLIN, RANGING FAR AHEAD,
RAN INTO ONE OF THE APACHE OUTPOSTS!

APACHES!
TARNATION!



RUN, BOY, RUN!
THEM VARMINTS GOT
NO FIRE-ARMS, SO I
KIN HOLD THEM OFF
IFFEN YORE LAIGS KIN
OUT-GALLOP THEIR
MANGY PONIES!



AFTER A LONG HARD PURSUIT, TUMLIN MADE GOOD
ESCAPE, BUT BY THEN HE WAS MILES AWAY FROM
THE SUPPLY TRAIN, AND BADLY WOUNDED...

AND SO REDMASK FOUND HIM, JUST BEFORE THE
OLD SCOUT LOST CONSCIOUSNESS...

I'M BEAT... CAIN'T GO ON
NO MORE... AN' THEM PORE
SQUER BOYS... RIDIN' RIGHT
INTO AMBUSH... CAIN'T WARN
'EM... UHHH...



...AN' IFFEN YUH RIDE WEST... YUH
SHOULD CUT THUH SUPPLY TRAIN'S
TRAIL AFORF THEY GIT TUM
SPLIT MESA—LOGICAL PLACE
FER AMBUSH...



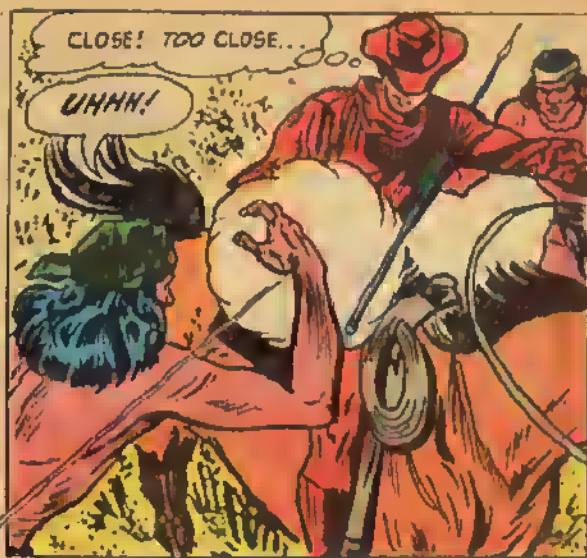
TUMLIN WILL
BE ALL RIGHT—
BUT IF WE DON'T
REACH THE
SUPPLY TRAIN
BEFORE THEY
GET INTO THE
TRAP A LOT
OF MEN WILL
DIE! COME ON,
PONY!



REDMASK RODE HARD FOR FOUR MILES, AND THEN—!

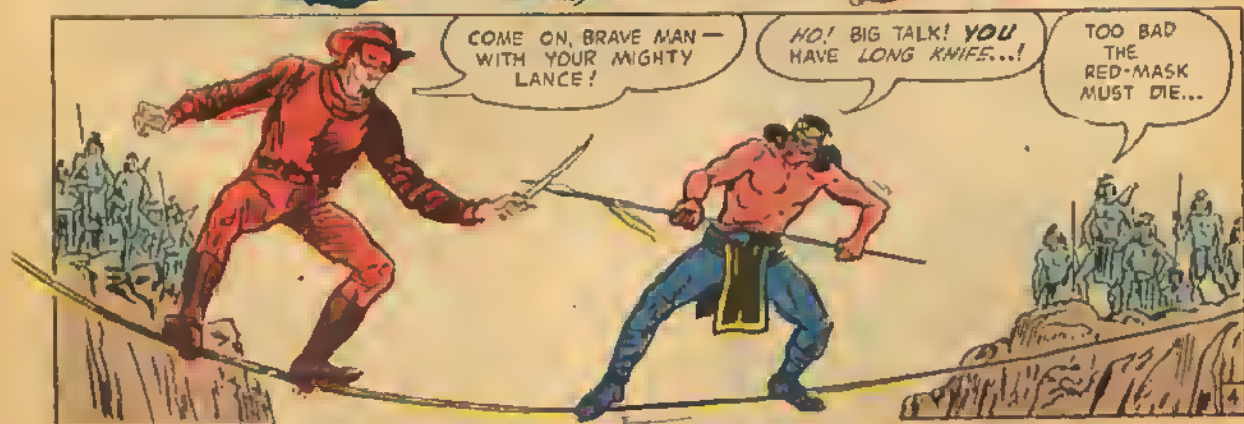
THE APACHES! AND
THEY HAVE US...!





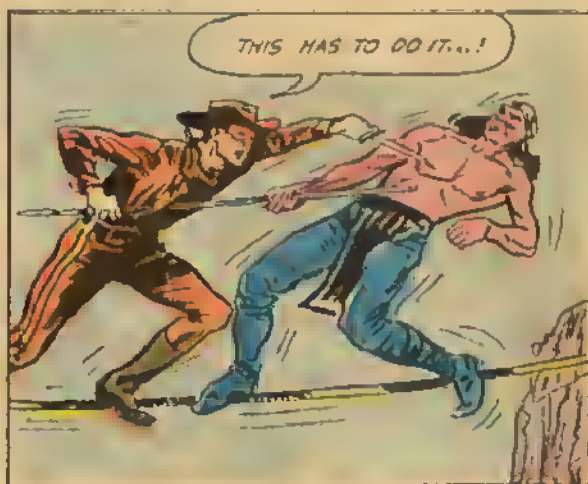
DIAVLO ARGUED, BUT IN THE END, BECAUSE HE FEARED AJO'S FATHER—THE GREAT WAR CHIEF HIERRO—HE GAVE IN... AND SO REDMASK WAS TAKEN TO THE HIDDEN AMBUSH ON THE ROCKY HEIGHTS OF SPLIT MESA... WHERE HIERRO WAS REGRETFUL...







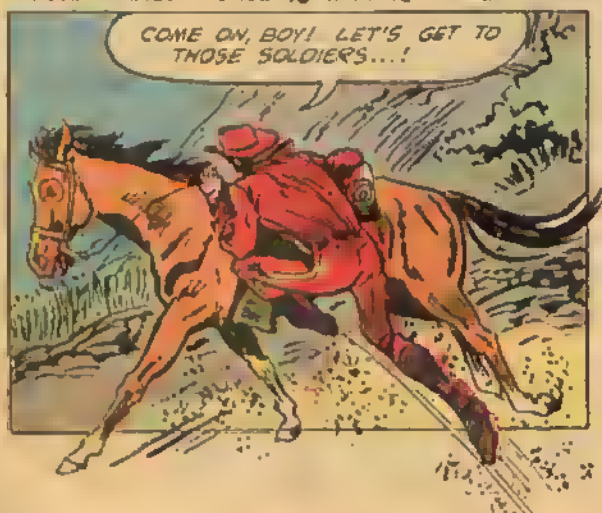
AND THEN, WITH DIAVLO'S LANCE SNARLED IN HIS SHIRT, REDMASK SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY AND LUNGES VIOLENTLY...



REDMASK'S THOUGHTS WERE DESPERATE! NOT ONLY HIS OWN LIFE, BUT THE LIVES OF THE CAVALRYMEN UNSUSPECTINGLY RIDING INTO DOOM DEPENDED UPON HIM... AND SO, WITH A QUICK SLASH OF HIS KNIFE, HE CUTS THE SWAYING ROPE...!



REDMASK MAKES THE BOTTOM SAFELY! AND HIS WELL-TRAINED HORSE IS WAITING THERE...!



REDMASK HAS REACHED THE SUPPLY TRAIN IN TIME... AND THE AMBUSH FAILING, THE APACHES WERE FORCED TO ATTACK IN THE OPEN—WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS...!



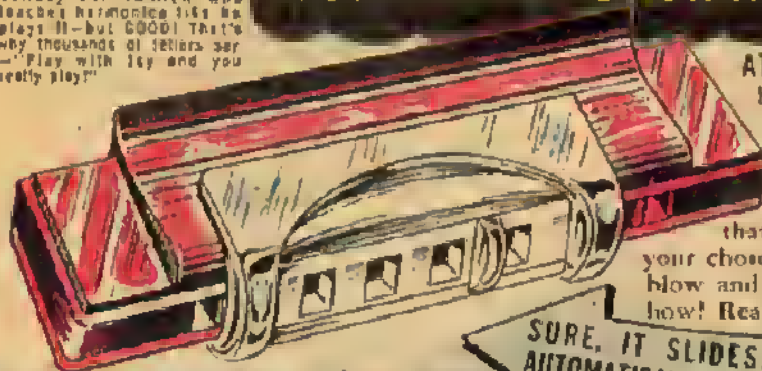
THE END



Radio's Super-Special
HARMONICA STAR
Cowboy JAY TURNER who
teaches Harmonica like he
plays it—but GOOD! That's
why thousands of Sellers say
—"Play with Jay and you
really play!"

Play **Red Hot** HARMONICA MUSIC In 8 Minutes Flat!

**RICH CHORDS AND TRICKIEST TUNES A SNAP
WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER-HARMONICA!**



AT LAST, a way to get hep to
being a real harmonica maestro
in a few **FAST MINUTES!**

Leave it to Big Jay to dope out
a sensational new "**SLIDING
NOTE FINDER**" Harmonica
that picks out your notes . . . adds
your chords . . . does **EVERYTHING** but
blow and take your bows! Fun . . . and
how! Read exciting details below!

**SURE, IT SLIDES! PICKS OUT ANY MELODY!
AUTOMATICALLY ADDS CHORDS! NO NOTES TO READ!**

only

\$1

A STAR OVERNIGHT—THAT'S YOU!

Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun
is 'til you get "harmonica hot" the exciting
Jay Turner way! Boy, Oh Boy! Watch the
gang gather when you swing those cowboy
favorites! Hear 'em whistle and sing as
you roll into "Little Town Jug" and "Oh!
Susanna!" And will you have to beat it just
to escape the girls' Sinatra-swoons. Then at
dances, hikes, picnics wherever pals and
gals get together, who's Mr. Popularity?
Nobody else but *you!*

**A CINCH—WITH JAY'S
"SLIDING NOTE FINDER!"**

You name it! Be-bop or swing, cowboy or
hillbilly tunes, waltzes, hot jazz or jumpin'
jive—Jay's magic **SLIDING NOTE FINDER**
gives you as it slides back and forth
over the top of your harmonica! You don't fuss around trying to
blow through 10 different openings of the harmonica. Instead, you
use just **ONE SINGLE** opening in your **MAGIC SLIDING NOTE
FINDER**. Right away you're playing the melody. Then, like magic,
the **NOTE FINDER** automatically adds the right chords—and
you're making like a real radio professional!

GRAB JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER TODAY!

When your pal, Jay, says "No Risk"—he means just that! So test yourself in this
never-before harmonica deal today, then in a minutes flat you're not playing
actual tunes, just shoot back the MAGIC "**SLIDING NOTE FINDER**" HARMONICA,
and you get your dollar back at once! **HURRY**, this may be your last chance!

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

COMPIX, Inc. Dept. RM-64, 10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.
OKAY, JAY! I enclose \$1.00. Shoot me my MAGIC "**SLIDING
NOTE FINDER**" HARMONICA, plus **FREE** **SPEED COURSE**
and **FREE** dope on **HARMONICA TRICKS**. If I'm not delighted,
I may return the Harmonica in 5 days, and get my \$1 right back.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LOOK! FREE!

**JAY'S NEW, ALL-PICTURE
SPEED COURSE!**

YOU LEARN LATEST
KITTY-THIN ROSES
whirling through Jay's
exciting Speed Course!
You don't even have to
read a note of music. You just whiz along
with plain-as-pain **PICTURE** directions.
Then in 8 rippin' minutes, you're whizzing
through harmonica music that makes
super-quick listening. Speed Course gives
you music, words and "walks" for 38 of
your all-time favorites like—Yankee
Doodle, Old Black Joe, Oh, My Little Dar-
ling, For He's A Jolly Good Fellow, Home
Sweet Home, Robin Reuben, Comin'
Thro' The Rye, Pop Goes The Weasel—
and 30 MORE!

**PLUS FREE! DOPE ON
HARMONICA TRICKS!**

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scat
all the girls with hair-raising "Ghost
Notes"? It's **EASY** with Jay wishing you
up on these and lots more professional
harmonica tricks!

SNAP UP JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER NOW!

COMPIX, Inc. Dept. RM-64, 10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.

RED MASK



PM 160 '44

EVEN IF HE BROUGHT IN THE MAN KNOWN AS CHOLLA SAM, HIS TASK WAS NOT DONE. FOR MORE THAN JUST THE LAW WANTED THIS KILLER, THIS OUTLAW BANDIT WHOSE ROBBERIES HAD SCOURGED THE ARIZONA TERRITORY FOR A DOZEN YEARS! HIS OWN MEN WANTED HIM! AND REDMASK WAS ONLY ONE LAWMAN, HANDICAPPED BY A TERRIFIED PRISONER! COULD HE TAKE HIS MAN ALIVE THROUGH—

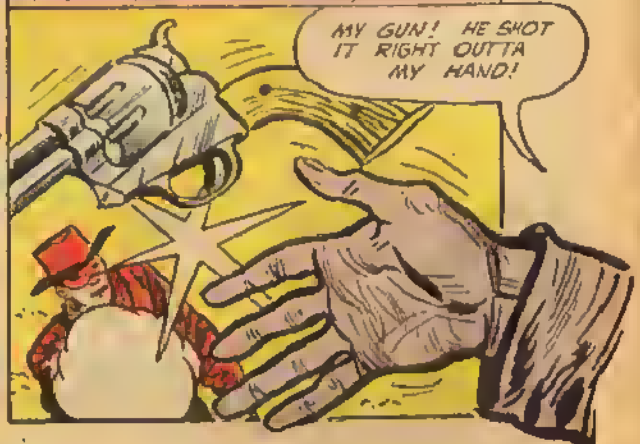
THE Gauntlet of TERROR!

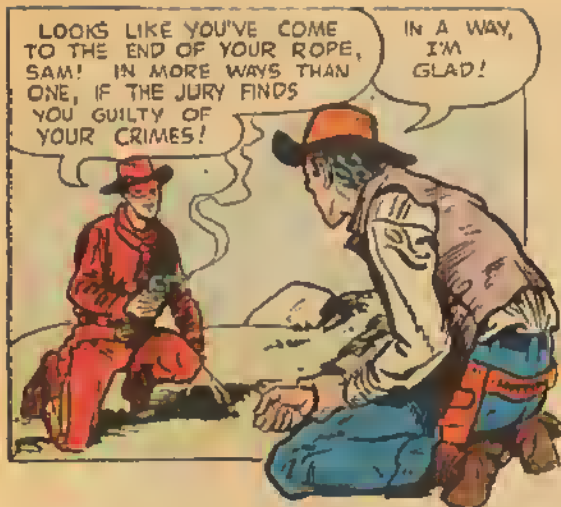
ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK BOLLE

AS CHOLLA SAM'S WILD TRIUMPHANT CRY RINGS OUT, REDMASK HURLS HIMSELF BACKWARD—

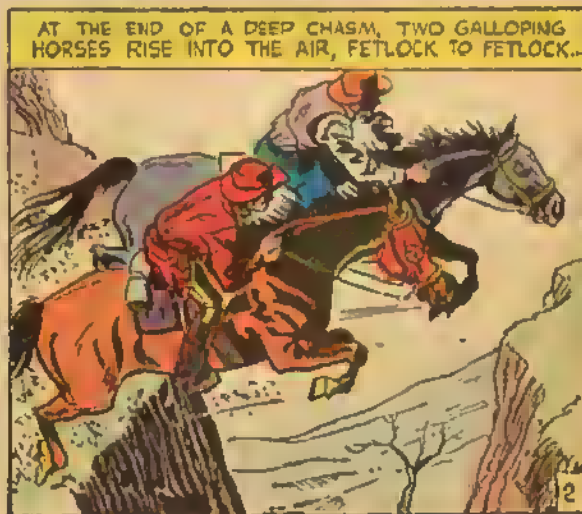
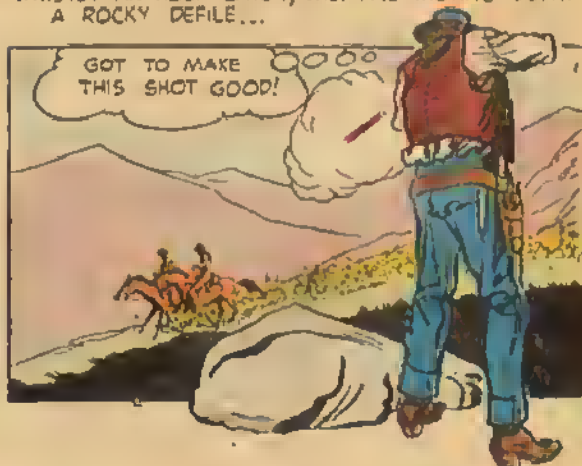


A COLT PEACEMAKER ROARS, AND—





WITH A TIE-ROPE, REDMASK BINDS HIS PRISONER'S WRISTS. AN HOUR LATER, THEY ARE MOVING DOWN A ROCKY DEFILE...



BUT THE OUTLAWS RIDE FRESHER HORSES. ALL AFTERNOON THE LONG PURSUIT CONTINUES. BY DARK—

THEY'RE ALL AROUND US, SAM. WE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE, UNLESS—

UNLESS WHAT, REDMASK? I KNOW YOU'RE TAKING ME IN TO STAND TRIAL FOR MY CRIMES, BUT AT LEAST I'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL WITH YOU! SOON AS I SHOW 'EM WHERE THE LOOT IS HIDDEN, THOSE OWL-HOOTS'LL GUN ME DOWN!



REDMASK TURNS HIS BELT INSIDE OUT. ON THE INNER SIDE ARE SMALL COMPARTMENTS...

I'LL BE JIGGED! WHAT IN THUNDER—?

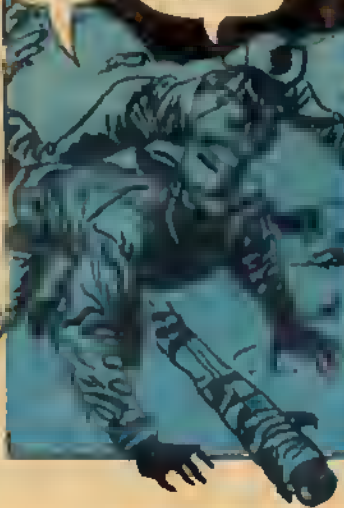


I CARRY A FEW LITTLE ODDS AND ENDS IN THAT TRICK BELT, SAM. THEY'VE PULLED ME OUT OF TIGHT SQUEEZES BEFORE! THIS SHOEBLACKING WILL DARKEN OUR HANDS AND FACES...



NOW A SHAFT OF MOONLIGHT WON'T REFLECT OFF US. WE'RE ALMOST INVISIBLE IN THE DARKNESS. COME ON!

WE'RE LEAVING OUR BRONCES! HOW FAR CAN WE GO WITHOUT HORSES?



NOT VERY FAR! THAT'S WHY WE'RE GOING TO STEAL A COUPLE OF MOUNTS FROM THE GANG'S HORSES—



—AND DRIVE THE OTHERS OFF!

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

ON OUR BRONCS!

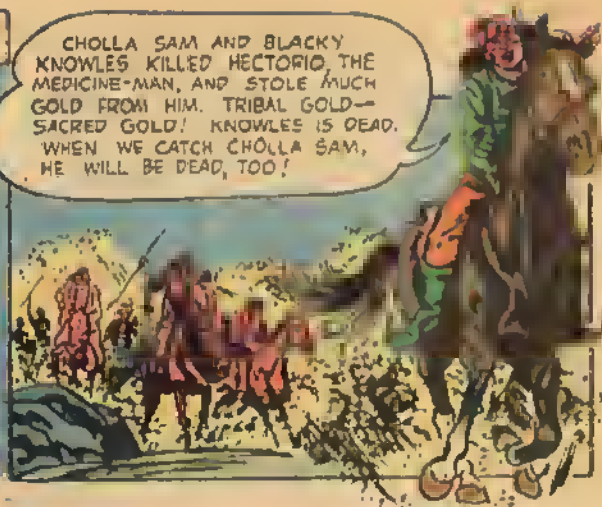


FOR SEVERAL MILES, REDMASK DRIVES THEIR CAPTURED PONIES AT A FAST GALLOP, UNAWARE THAT JUST AHEAD OF THEM...

THE OUTLAW COMES!
CHOLLA SAM—THE MAN WHO
KILLED HECTORIO!

NEPKA!
GOOD!

CHOLLA SAM AND BLACKY
KNOWLES KILLED HECTORIO, THE
MEDICINE-MAN, AND STOLE MUCH
GOLD FROM HIM. TRIBAL GOLD—
SACRED GOLD! KNOWLES IS DEAD.
WHEN WE CATCH CHOLLA SAM,
HE WILL BE DEAD, TOO!



APACHES!

THEY'RE
AFTER ME
TOO!

AS THE TERRIFIED CHOLLA SAM
BABBLES OUT THE STORY OF HIS
CRIME AGAINST HECTORIO, REDMASK
LEADS THE WAY UP INTO THE
HIGH HILLS...

IF THEY CATCH ME
ALIVE— THEY'LL TORTURE
ME!



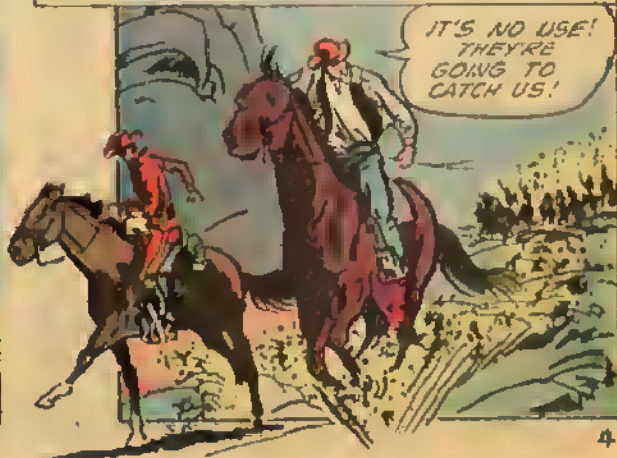
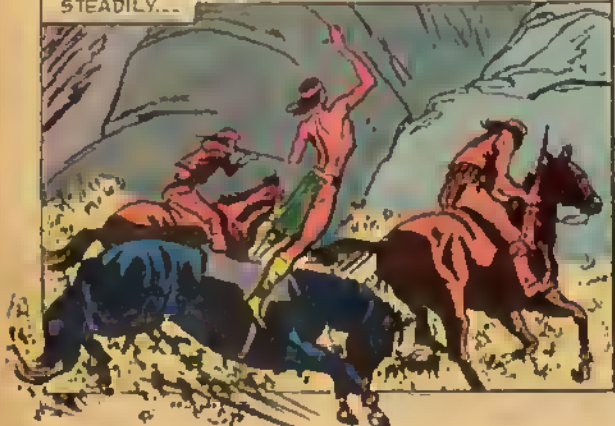
WHEN I SET OUT TO CAPTURE
YOU I DIDN'T THINK I'D HAVE
TO FIGHT OFF HALF THE OUT-
LAWS AND APACHES IN
THE TERRITORY!

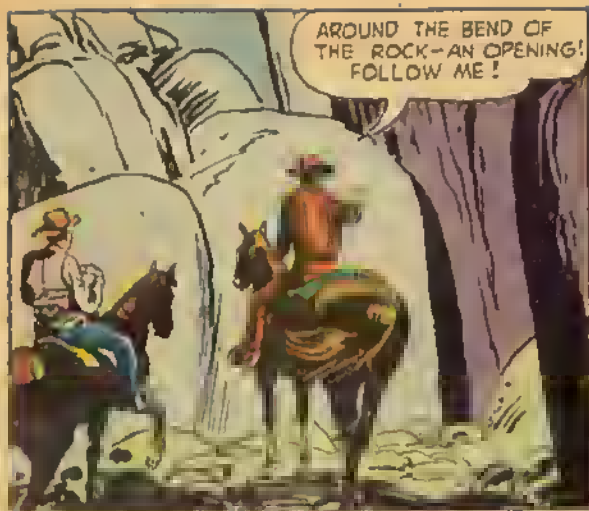


AGAIN AND AGAIN, AN APACHE BRAVE FALLS TO
THE CRACK OF REDMASK'S WINCHESTER. BUT
THE INDIAN PONIES ARE FRESH, THEY GAIN
STEADILY...

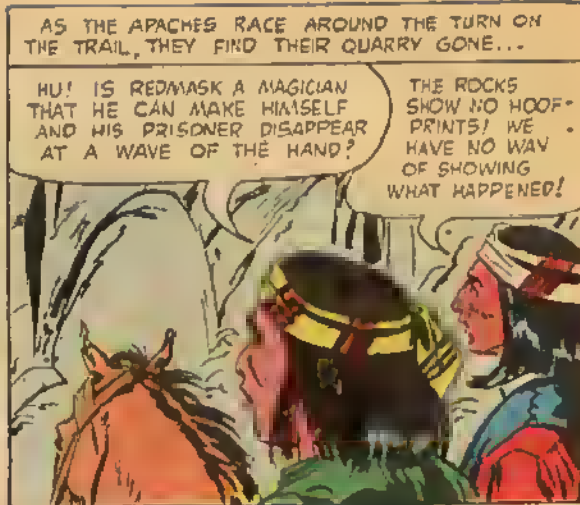
SOON LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED YARDS SEPARATES
THE TWO MEN FROM THE YELPING APACHES!

IT'S NO USE!
THEY'RE
GOING TO
CATCH US!





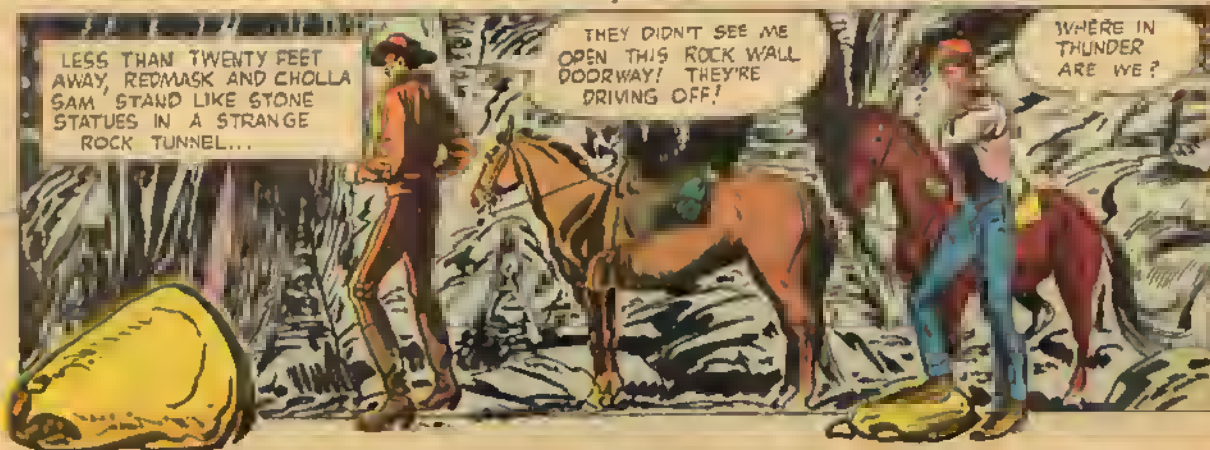
AROUND THE BEND OF THE ROCK—AN OPENING! FOLLOW ME!



AS THE APACHES RACE AROUND THE TURN ON THE TRAIL, THEY FIND THEIR QUARRY GONE...

HU! IS REDMASK A MAGICIAN THAT HE CAN MAKE HIMSELF AND HIS PRISONER DISAPPEAR AT A WAVE OF THE HAND?

THE ROCKS SHOW NO HOOF-PRINTS! WE HAVE NO WAY OF SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED!



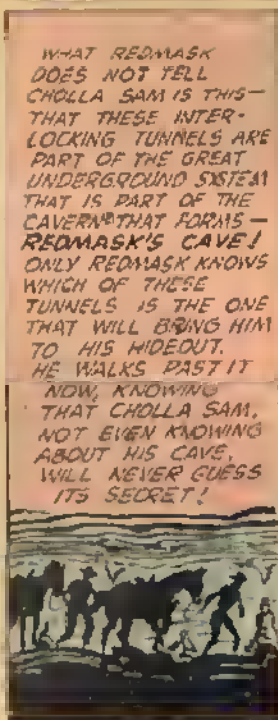
LESS THAN TWENTY FEET AWAY, REDMASK AND CHOLLA SAM STAND LIKE STONE STATUES IN A STRANGE ROCK TUNNEL...

THEY DIDN'T SEE ME OPEN THIS ROCK WALL DOORWAY! THEY'RE DRIVING OFF!

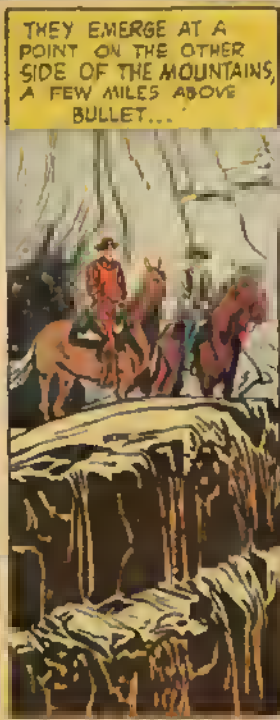
WHERE IN THUNDER ARE WE?



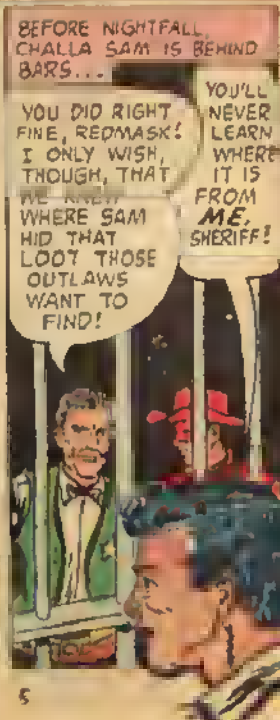
IN A NATURAL TUNNEL CONNECTED TO A SERIES OF CAVES LIKE THE CARLSBAD CAVERNS IN NEW MEXICO!



WHAT REDMASK DOES NOT TELL CHOLLA SAM IS THIS—THAT THESE INTER-LOCKING TUNNELS ARE PART OF THE GREAT UNDERGROUND SYSTEM THAT IS PART OF THE CAVERN THAT FORMS—REDMASK'S CAVE! ONLY REDMASK KNOWS WHICH OF THESE TUNNELS IS THE ONE THAT WILL BRING HIM TO HIS HIDEOUT. HE WALKS PAST IT NOW, KNOWING THAT CHOLLA SAM, NOT EVEN KNOWING ABOUT HIS CAVE, WILL NEVER GUESS ITS SECRET!



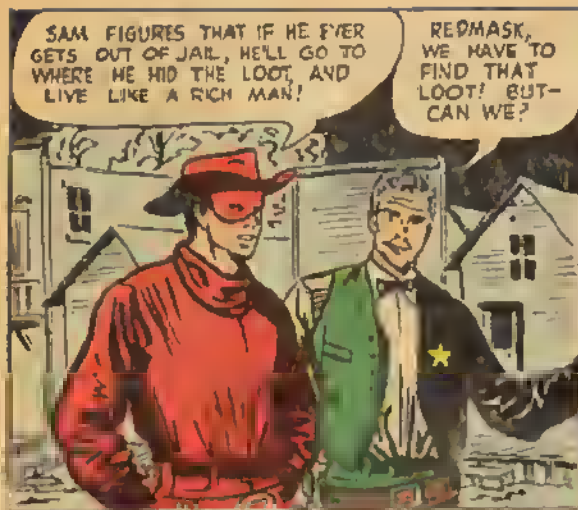
THEY EMERGE AT A POINT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAINS, A FEW MILES ABOVE BULLET...



BEFORE NIGHTFALL, CHOLLA SAM IS BEHIND BARS...

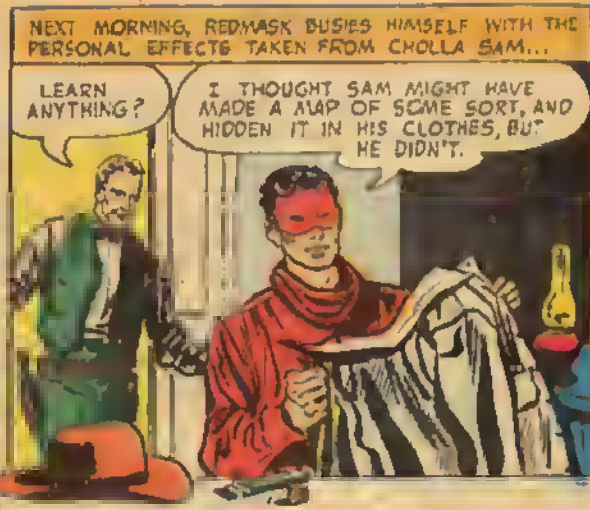
YOU DID RIGHT FINE, REDMASK! I ONLY WISH, THOUGH, THAT WE KNEW WHERE SAM HID THAT LOOT THOSE OUTLAWS WANT TO FIND!

YOU'LL NEVER LEARN WHERE IT IS FROM ME, SHERIFF!



SAM FIGURES THAT IF HE EVER GETS OUT OF JAIL, HE'LL GO TO WHERE HE HID THE LOOT, AND LIVE LIKE A RICH MAN!

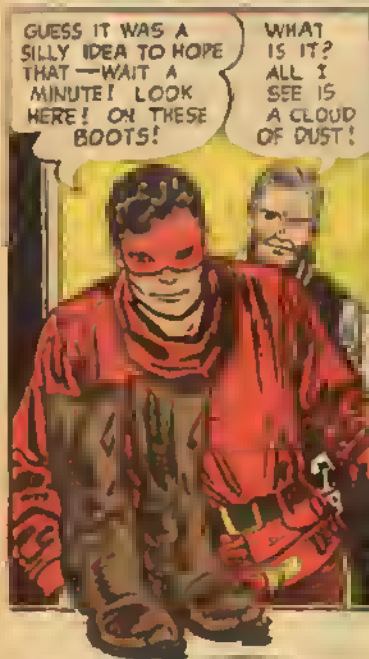
REDMASK, WE HAVE TO FIND THAT LOOT! BUT—CAN WE?



NEXT MORNING, REDMASK BUSIES HIMSELF WITH THE PERSONAL EFFECTS TAKEN FROM CHOLLA SAM...

LEARN ANYTHING?

I THOUGHT SAM MIGHT HAVE MADE A MAP OF SOME SORT, AND HIDDEN IT IN HIS CLOTHES, BUT HE DIDN'T.



GUESS IT WAS A SILLY IDEA TO HOPE THAT—WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK HERE! ON THESE BOOTS!

WHAT IS IT? ALL I SEE IS A CLOUD OF DUST!



NOT JUST DUST—BUT **SALT!** AS IF HE'D BEEN WALKING IN SALT WATER, THERE ISN'T ANY SALT WATER WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES OF HERE, BUT THERE ARE SOME **SALT FLATS** NOT TOO FAR AWAY! NOW WHY SHOULD CHOLLA SAM HAVE SALT FROM SALT FLATS ON HIS BOOTS?

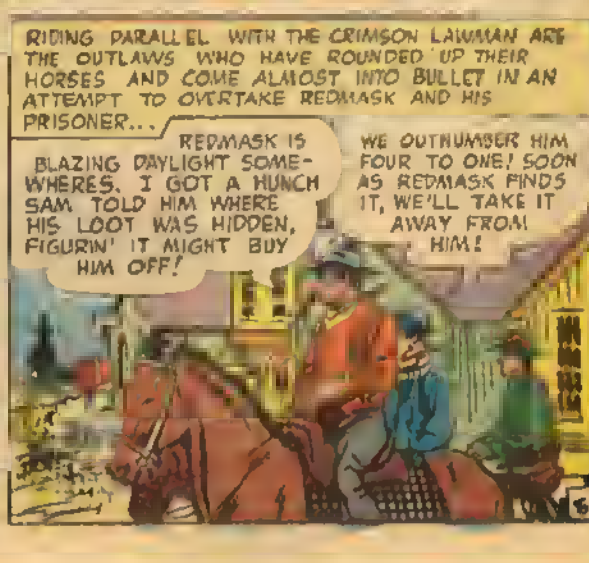


UNLESS HE GOT OUT OF THE SADDLE TO DO SOMETHING, LIKE DIGGING IN THOSE SALT FLATS!

BY JUNIPER, REDMASK! I THINK YOU'VE HIT IT! HE BURIED HIS LOOT SOMEWHERE IN...



THE SALT FLATS ARE BIG, BUT THEY'RE ONLY SOFT ENOUGH FOR A MAN TO SINK IN WHILE HE'S WALKING—AS CHOLLA SAM MUST HAVE DONE TO PUT THOSE SALT MARKS ON HIS BOOTS—IN ONE PLACE!



RIDING PARALLEL WITH THE CRIMSON LAWMAN ARE THE OUTLAWS WHO HAVE ROUNDED UP THEIR HORSES AND COME ALMOST INTO BULLET IN AN ATTEMPT TO OVERTAKE REDMASK AND HIS PRISONER...

REDMASK IS BLAZING DAYLIGHT SOMEWHERE. I GOT A HUNCH SAM TOLD HIM WHERE HIS LOOT WAS HIDDEN, FIGURIN' IT MIGHT BUY HIM OFF!

WE OUTHUMBER HIM FOUR TO ONE! SOON AS REDMASK FINDS IT, WE'LL TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM!

UNDER A BLAZING SUN, THAT MAKES A DAZZLING FLARE OF THE WIDE SALT FLATS, REDMASK BEGINS HIS SEARCH...



HOOR AFTER HOOR HE MOVES CAREFULLY, CAUTIOUSLY RIDING IN A GREAT CIRCLE, HE NARROWS THE CIRCLE DOWN BY TRAVELLING ALWAYS IN A SMALLER ONE...

THE CRUST OF THE FLATS WILL BE BROKEN WHERE HE DUG. I'LL FIND THEM SOONER OR LATER...



FOLLOWING HIM AT A DISTANCE, COME THE OUTLAWS...

HE SURE IS TAKING A LONG TIME ABOUT IT. I GOT A HUNCH CHOLLA SAM DIDN'T TELL HIM ANYTHING!

YEAH! REDMASK IS SMART! MAYBE HE REASONED OUT WHERE THE LOOT IS HID FROM SOMETHING SAM SA'D OR DID!



ALL THAT DAY, SWEATING AND BAKING UNDER THE HEAT OF THE BLAZING ARIZONA SUN, WITHOUT FOOD, BUT WITH WATER (ALMOST SCALDING HOT) IN THEIR CANTEENS, TO KEEP THEM GOING, THE OUTLAWS WAIT...



TOWARD LATE AFTERNOON, REDMASK MAKES HIS DISCOVERY...

I KNEW I'D FIND IT. SOONER OR LATER!



THE DRUMMING OF HOOFBEATS MAKES HIM TURN. THE OUTLAW GANG IS GALLOPING DOWN ON HIM. BUT REDMASK SMILES GRIMLY AS HE REACHES FOR HIS GUN...

I GUESS I WON'T NEED MY COLT AFTER ALL! THOSE FOOLS MUST HAVE SPENT THE WHOLE DAY ON THESE SALT FLATS— UNDER THIS SUN— WITHOUT SNOW GOGGLES ON!



THEY'RE SLOW BLIND! THESE WHITE SALT FLATS ARE AS BAD AS GLARE SNOW OR ICE TO BLIND A MAN FOR A WHILE! ALL RIGHT, BOYS! I'M TAKING YOU IN TO STAND TRIAL WITH CHOLLA SAM. YOU CAN TELL HIM HE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ANY MORE ABOUT HIS LOOT. IT'S ALL GOING BACK TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS!

THE END



the GHOST RIDER

TILL NOW, HIS DEADLY GUNS HAD SPAT THEIR DEATH CHANT ONLY ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW! BUT NOW HE WAS VOWING THAT HE'D NEVER REST AGAIN TILL HE HAD THE GHOST RIDER IN HIS SIGHTS! HE WAS BURNING WITH THE BLIND URGE FOR VENGEANCE! HE WAS THE

**DEAD
MAN'S
SON!**



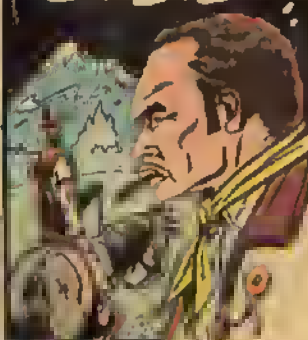
YUH KEEP IT UP, BART GRUBB, AN' THUH INJUNS'LL BE RIDIN' THUH WARPATH AGAIN! THEY WHISKEY YUH GIVE THEM EVERY TIME YUH CHEAT THEM OUTTA FURS, IS STIRRIN' THEM UP SUMPHTHIN' TURRIBLE!

NOBODY'S GONNA TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY TRADIN' POST, PRESCOTT!

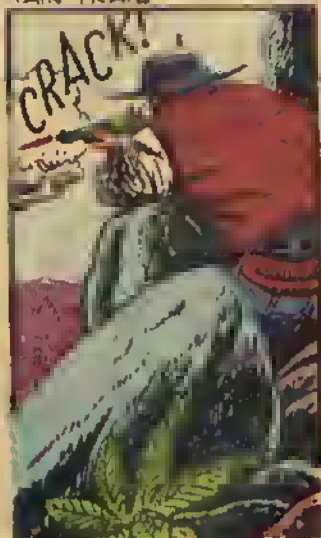


TOO BAD YUH WON'T LISTEN TO REASON, GRUBB — I'M RIDIN' TO FORT MACOMBER NOW TO REPORT YOUR DOIN'S TO THUH COLONEL THAR! HE'LL SHOVE SOME SENSE INTO YUH!

CAN'T LET HIM REPORT ME! HMMM — IT'S AN ALL-NIGHT RIDE OVER THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL TO THE FORT...

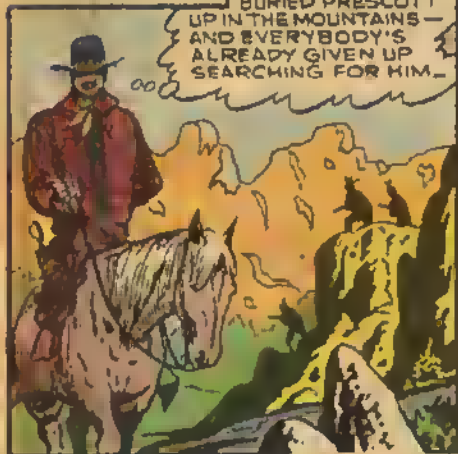


BART GRUBB STEALTHILY RIDES AFTER JOSIAH PRESCOTT! AND AFTER MIDNIGHT, ON THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL —



A MONTH LATER—

I'M IN THE CLEAR,
BURIED PRESCOTT
UP IN THE MOUNTAINS—
AND EVERYBODY'S
ALREADY GIVEN UP
SEARCHING FOR HIM.



KILL!
KILL!

INDIANS! THEY'RE ON THE WARPATH AGAIN—
JUST LIKE OLD PRESCOTT SAID THEY'D BE!
I DON'T STAND A CHANCE! AIEEEE!



BUT SUDDENLY A
YOUNG STRANGER
RIDES UP, FIRING
ASTOUNDINGLY
ACCURATE GUNS
THAT CHANT A
STACCATO SONG
OF DEATH!

BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!

NEVER SAW SUCH
SHOOTIN' BEFORE!

AAARGH!



IF I LIVE TO BE A HONORED,
I'LL NEVER SEE SHOOTIN'
LIKE THAT AGAIN!

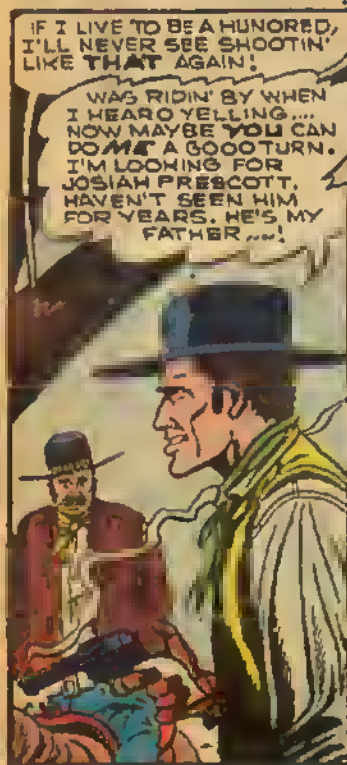
WAS RIDIN' BY WHEN
I HEARD YELLING...
NOW MAYBE YOU CAN
DO ME A GOOD TURN.
I'M LOOKING FOR
JOSIAH PRESCOTT.
HAVEN'T SEEN HIM
FOR YEARS. HE'S MY
FATHER...!

NOW THAT OLD
PRESCOTT'S
DEAD, THE ONLY
ONE AROUND
HERE I STILL
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT IS THE
GHOST RIDER!
AND IF I HANDLE
THIS RIGHT, HE'LL
BE GONE TOO...!

I GOT BAD
NEWS FOR YOU,
STRANGER.
YOUR PAW
WAS KILLED!
AND I KNOW
WHO DONE
THE KILLIN'!

AT FIRST YOUNG PRESCOTT BREAKS DOWN
AT THE BAD NEWS! BUT THEN THE TEARS DRY
AND HIS FACE HARDENS...

I'M OBLIGED TO YOU
FOR TELLING ME WHO
THE KILLER IS. THESE
GUNS OF MINE ARE
OBLIGED TOO. THEY'RE
GOING TO STAY FULL-
LOADED AND READY
TILL THEY MOW DOWN
MY FATHER'S KILLER—
THE GHOST RIDER!

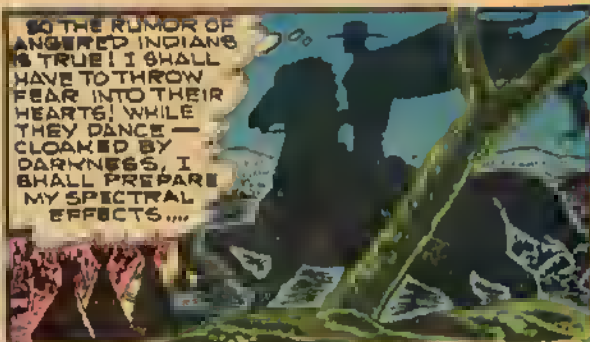


A WEEK LATER, AT THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT—

TOO LONG HAVE WE BEEN CHEATED BY THE WHITE MEN! DANCE, MY WARRIORS, CRY YOUR ANGER TO THE NIGHT WINDS! AND ONCE THE DANCE IS OVER, WE WILL RIDE THE WARPATH AGAIN!

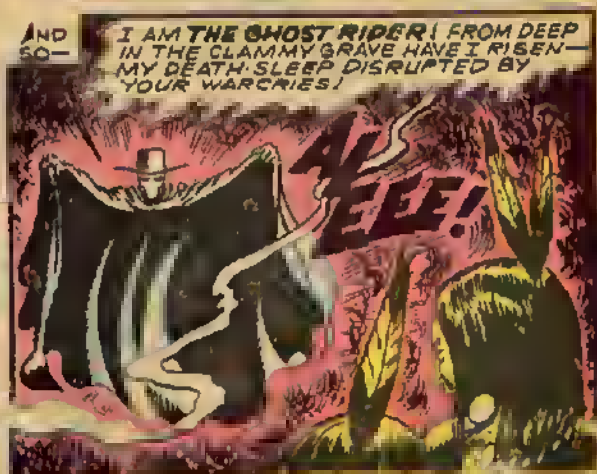


SO THE RUMOR OF ANGERED INDIANS IS TRUE! I SHALL HAVE TO THROW FEAR INTO THEIR HEARTS! WHILE THEY DANCE—CLOAKED BY DARKNESS, I SHALL PREPARE MY SPECTRAL EFFECTS....



AND SO—

I AM THE GHOST RIDER! FROM DEEP IN THE CLAMMY GRAVE HAVE I RISEN—MY DEATH SLEEP DISRUPTED BY YOUR WARCRIES!



THEY DID NOT SEE ME CREEP AMONG THEM WITH MY CAPE REVERSED, AND I "MATERIALIZED" ONLY AFTER THROWING A SMOKE BOMB!

THE HANDS OF THE LIVING DEAD CLAW UP THROUGH THE EARTH TO CLUTCH AT THOSE WHO WOULD TAKE TO THE WARPATH!



GA-AAA!

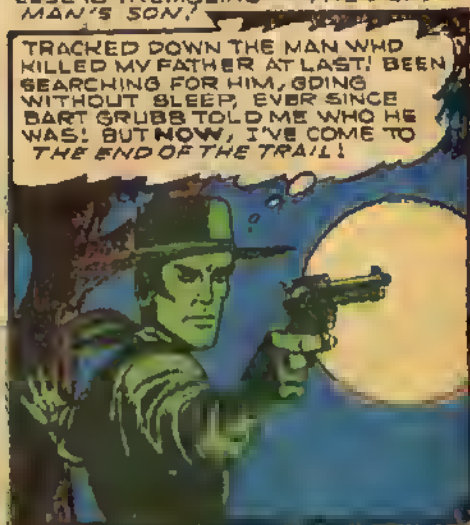


I PLANTED THOSE PUMMY HANDS IN THE DARK! THE FLARE IN THE SKY ILLUMINATED THEM WITH SUCH SUDDENNESS, THE INDIANS THOUGHT THEY SAW THEM RISING! THEY FLEE NOW, TREMBLING....

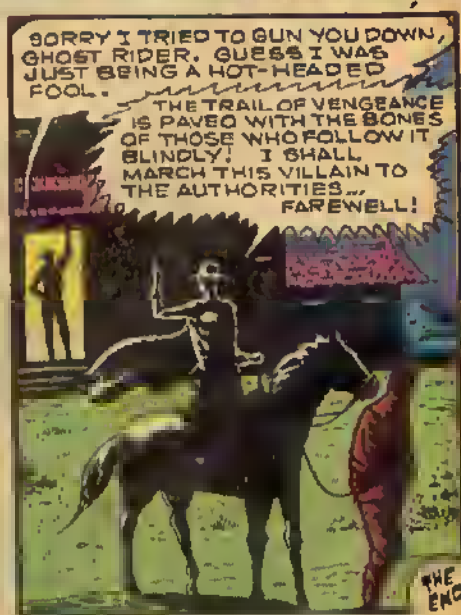
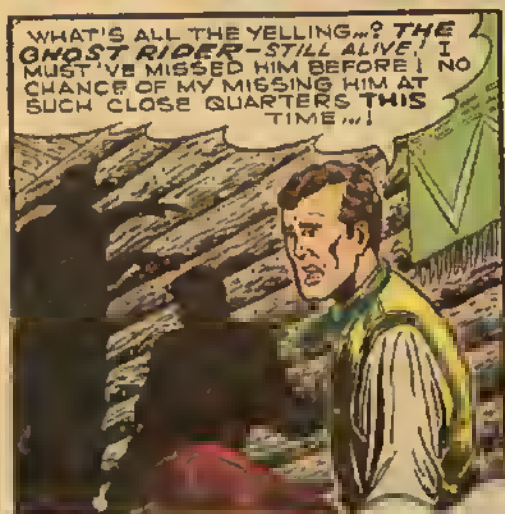


BUT IN THE SHADOWS, SOMEONE ELSE IS TREMBLING—THE DEAD MAN'S SON!

TRACKED DOWN THE MAN WHO KILLED MY FATHER AT LAST! BEEN SEARCHING FOR HIM, GOING WITHOUT SLEEP, EVER SINCE BART GRUBBS TOLD ME WHO HE WAS! BUT NOW, I'VE COME TO THE END OF THE TRAIL!







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Used for this fantastic offer you will be amazed at the prices dry, can't leak, transfer, will handle anything, approved by doctor, with it from you also get matching fountain pen with low-cost gold glass point (1000 a piece only 25¢) . . . AND \$3.99 194

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Fountain Pen, 3. Auto-
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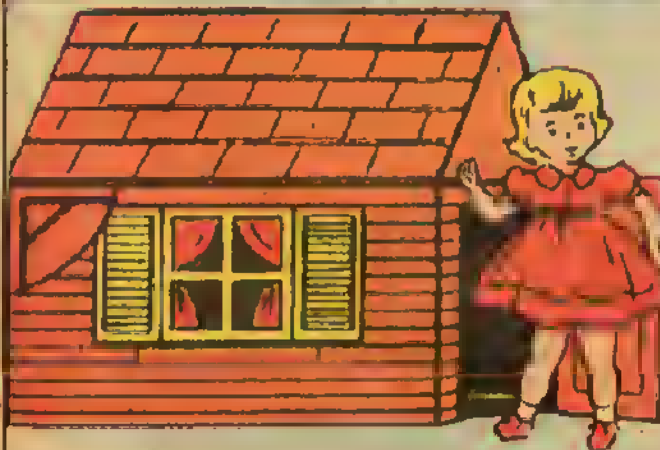


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\$1.00
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FOR
ONLY
\$5



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tricks, mysteries, etc., to thrill every boy
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sq. ft. interior with almost 4 square feet of floor space
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Gay Colors complete with sloping roof, windows, cur-
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necessary. Each Order now for immediate shipment.
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GUARANTEED! Purchase price refunded in ten days
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Include at no extra cost

25 free games.

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☐ Check here if you want a set for \$8.00.

REDMASK'S CAVE

Dear Boys and Girls,

Keep writing! We are unable to *print* all your letters, but we will *answer* them. If you do not find your question answered, it may be because it has already been answered in a previous issue. But look for your name in these pages!

TO: Shelby Rohon, Huntsville, Alabama; Bohdan Cza, Germany; Edward MacWhinnie, Boston, Mass.; Lowell Young, Ellensburg, Wash.; Jerome C. Gorby, South Charleston, West Va.; Franklin Brittingham, R. D. #1, Pennsylvania; John Meyers, Baltimore, Md.; J. K., Kitchener, Ontario; John Lee Tucker, Nashville, N. C.; Lynne Allen, Lenoir City, Tenn.; Barbara Ann Jones Fort Meade, Fla.; Donald Yound, Beardmore, Ontario; Ike Friedman, Ontario, Canada; Jerrilyn O'Connor, Columbia City, Ind.; Benny Jenkins, Ackerman, Miss.; Don Harrison, Lynn, Alabama; Francene Tessman, El Paso, Texas.

"DOC" HOLLIDAY, a member of the Wyatt Earp gang in Tombstone, Arizona, was a dentist. He could drill and pull teeth, but he cared more for playing cards and gunplay.

BILLY THE KID and JESSE JAMES were both famous outlaws. Billy the Kid was a killer, who hired out his guns to the highest bidder. Jesse James was a bank- and train-robber, rather than a killer. It is not known for certain how many men Jesse James killed, though if we include the men he killed while serving under Quantrill, the border raider, the chances are he killed as many as did Billy the Kid. The latter, who died when he was twenty-one, killed twenty-one men—"not counting Indians."

Billy the Kid was five feet, three inches tall. He killed a man with a knife when he was twelve years old, to help a friend (a grown man) in a fight. Billy the Kid was shot on the Maxwell Ranch by sheriff PAT GARRETT. In later years, Garrett was shot and killed (in February, 1908, when Garrett was 59 years old) by Wayne Brazel, in a quarrel over lease rights of a ranch rented to Brazel by Garrett.

JACK MCCALL shot WILD BILL HICKOK in the back for the sole purpose of earning two hundred dollars, to be paid him by certain badmen who wanted Wild

Bill out of the way. "Broken Nose" Jack, as McCall was known, had to get drunk before he could summon up the nerve to kill Hickok. He dared not try to gun him from in front, for he knew no man could face the speed of Hickok's guns in anything like an even break.

There are no records that prove positively just which man is entitled to the claim of "first" frontier marshal.

CALAMITY JANE was a good friend of Wild Bill Hickok, but they were never married. Incidentally, it is said that Calamity Jane was the one who captured Jack McCall after he murdered Hickok. At the second trial of McCall, at which he was sentenced for murder, it was decided the first trial was not a *legal* one—and so the law that says a man may not be tried twice for the same offense did not hold true.

The most famous gunfighter of the west was Wild Bill Hickok. The most famous sheriff was WYATT EARP. The most famous gun was the fabulous Colt Peacemaker, carried by almost every lawman and badman of the old west.

THE PONY EXPRESS began April 3, 1860 and lasted until late 1861, when telegraphic communication between east and west came into being.

BLACK BART—the POB (poet)—died of natural causes. A famous California highwayman, he used an *unloaded* shotgun in his robberies, and wore a grain sack over his head.

JESSE JAMES committed his first robbery, and so became an outlaw, partially in protest against the harsh Union rule—or misrule—of the South after the Civil War. "Carpetbaggers" made life fairly intolerable in those days, and it is not easy to judge what events will make some men turn bad and other men go on living honestly. Jesse James was shot and killed by Robert Ford. He is NOT living today.

AL JENNINGS was a bandit leader in Oklahoma. He is not one of the better-known outlaws, though in his time he made his name a byword in the southwest country.

There were four DALTON BROTHERS: Frank, Grat, Emmett and Bob. Frank was a U. S. marshal until killed in the line of duty.

After that, the others "went bad" and began their career of robbery and violence. Bill Doolin was a member of their gang for a while. Bob and Grat Dalton were shot down when they tried to rob the bank at Coffeyville, Kansas.

TO: Joseph and Richard Weintraub, Scranton, Pa.; James Martin, Eden, S. D.; Neil Henriksen, Streator, Ill.; Alvin Pickett, Frisco, La.; Bobbly McLean, Lake Charles, La.; Brett Quinn, Oxford, N. Y.; Carol Buchanan and Thomas Martin, Warwick, Va.; Sherman Livingston, Jr., no address; Faye Harty, Poplar Bluff, Mo.; Paul Lee, Mt. Vernon, Ga.

The following characters are fictional, and never fought in the old west: **BOBBY BENSON, RED RYDER, GHOST RIDER, CISCO KID** (invented by O. Henry).

The following are (or were) real men: **LASH LARUE, ROY ROGERS, KIT CARSON, GENE AUTRY.**

Gene Autry never fought in the old west. He is much too young for that. He is a moving picture and rodeo star attraction.

The best rider, roper and bronco-buster are selected each year by the Rodeo Association after a merit point system based on championships won and points scored all over the rodeo circuit.

KEN MAYNARD and **KERMIT MAYNARD** are NOT one and the same person.

REDMASK will appear on television, if plans now being made go through. Redmask's knife is attached to his holster by a special sheath.

TO: Erick Griggs, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Donna Lynne, Winnipeg, Manitoba; Dorothy Kulhavy, Academy, South Dakota; Paul Husang, Allison Park, Pa.; Jimmie Price, East Kalaka, Montana.

The speed of a horse depends on the individual horse, not on its color. A palomino would not necessarily be faster than a buckskin just because it was a palomino.

The first outlaw cowgirl is not known. However, a long line of "outlaw queens" reigned in the old west; down until modern times. Some of the more famous lady outlaws were **BELLE STARR, ROSE OF CIMARRON** and **CATTLE KATE.**

DANIEL BOONE kept no record of all the bears he killed. He died a natural death, a fact that is surprising to those who know the hair-raising battles he had with Indians and wild animals.

TO: Jessie Baskatawang, Sioux Lookout, Ontario.

The Black Rider is a fictional character.

The word "savvy" means understanding, such as "I savvy." Or, "Do you savvy that?" It comes from the Spanish word *sabe*, meaning "to understand," or "to know."

TO: Miss O'Connor, Columbia City, Ind.; Peter Call, Manchester, Conn.; Eldon Strom, St. Paul, Minn.; Henry McElroy, Jr. Smackover, Ark.; Jack Sayers, San Marino, Calif.; Max Leek, Great Bend, Kansas; Barbars Ann Tice, Waterville, N. Y.; Steven Thompson, Coolidge, Ariz.; David R. Boyd, Carrolltown, Texas; Robert Haiko, Watersfield, Conn.

We have no way of securing Tim Holt movies for your home town theatres, but we will pass along your requests to the proper authorities.

Once again, we have no pictures of *Redmask* available for mailing at this time. Neither do we have *Redmask* costumes, as yet. When and if they become available, an announcement will be made in this magazine.

The costume worn by Redmask is not bulletproof.

All copies of Tim Holt #20 have been exhausted. Sorry! This is the issue in which Tim Holt first appeared as Redmask.

Charles Starrett does not make movies as **THE DURANGO KID** any more, although his pictures are still being shown around the country.

Tim Holt is married.

TO: Herman Lee White, Maitland, Fla.; Louis Williams, Gadsden, S. C.; David Holmlin, Brookside, N. J.

There are very many **INDIAN TRIBES** in the United States. Some of the more famous tribes during the pioneer days in the East were: Iroquois, which included Mohawk, Oneida, Tuscarora, Seneca, Onondaga and Cayugas; Abenaki, Penobscot, Shawnee, Mohegan, Delaware, Huron and Algonkins. In the south there were Cherokee, Chickasaw and Seminole. In the west, beyond the Mississippi, there was Sioux, Blackfoot, Nez Perce, Crow, Kiowa, Cheyenne, Apache, Comanche, Hopi, Navajo, Ute and Arapaho. There were many other tribes, but these were the better known.

A good book on guns and rifles is *Encyclopedia of American Hand Arms*. Another you might enjoy the little volume put out by the American Arts Library (59¢) entitled *Early American Firearms*.

SITTING BULL was a Sioux medicine man who formed the alliance of Sioux war chiefs that resulted in the Custer massacre, at the battle of the Little Big Horn. In 1890, during the Ghost Dance craze, Sitting Bull was shot and killed by Indian police troop Sgt. Red Tomahawk, when Sitting Bull resisted arrest.

—**REDMASK**

Send your questions to:
REDMASK'S CAVE
c/o Magazine Enterprises
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By popular request—

a complete book featuring
Redmask's daring assistant **THE BLACK PHANTOM!**



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Red MASK

HAVE YOU EVER WANTED TO WANDER THROUGH REDMASK'S CAVE? IF YOU HAVE, COME WITH THE BLACK PHANTOM, WHO WILL SHOW YOU THE SOUVENIR CABINET WHERE REDMASK KEEPS THE MEMENTOES OF HIS ETERNAL FIGHT AGAINST EVIL IN THE LAWLESS OLD WEST. SHE WILL TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT ONE OF THOSE SOUVENIRS, ONE THAT REDMASK CALLS—

"THE DEATH HAT"

THIS IS THE BLACK PHANTOM. SHE AND YOU ARE INSIDE THE SECRET CAVE...



DRAWINGS BY
FRANK BOLLE

"REDMASK WAS OUT AFTER THE KID AND HIS GANG. THEY'D ROBBED A BANK OVER BY APACHE ARROYO, THEN MADE A RUN FOR IT...

APACHES CAUGHT THE ARMY PATROL BRINGING THESE QUARTERMASTER WAGONS TO FORT DANGER. FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, THE CACTUS KID AND HIS MEN WERE WITH THEM!

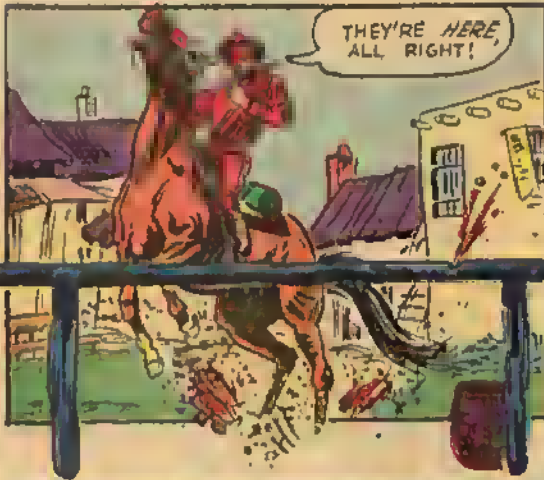


NOTHING I CAN DO FOR THEM NOW. THE KID'S BODY ISN'T HERE. SOMEHOW HE AND HIS MEN GOT AWAY. I HAVE TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THE BORDER AND ESCAPE!



"HE CAUGHT UP WITH THEM AT TWENTY MILE. HIS FIRST PROOF THAT HE'D FOUND THEM WAS A WHISTLING BULLET...

THEY'RE HERE, ALL RIGHT!

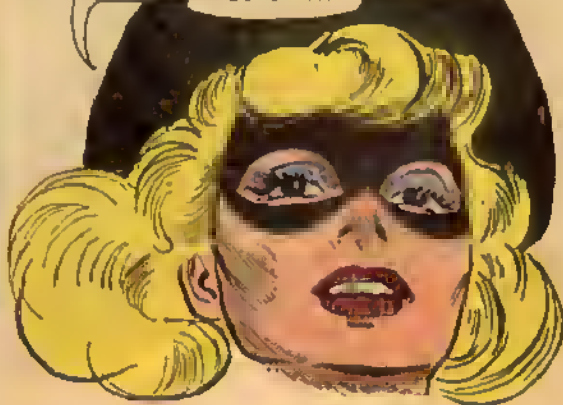




"NO MAN IN THE SOUTHWEST CAN MATCH GUNPLAY WITH REDMASK, THE CRIMSON CAVALIER FIRED ONCE - TO PUT THE FIRST BULLET-HOLE IN THE DEATH HAT!"



WITHIN A WEEK THE CACTUS KID AND HIS MEN WERE SAFE BEHIND BARS OF THE TERRITORIAL JAIL. THAT SEEMED TO BE THE END OF THEM. BUT IT WAS REALLY JUST THE BEGINNING. HE SERVED HIS TIME. TWO YEARS LATER HE CAME BACK TO BULLET...



"WHEN HE RODE IN, REDMASK MET HIM WITH A WARNING..."

I WANT NO TROUBLE FROM YOU, KID. IF YOU MAKE ANY, I'LL HAVE YOU BACK BEHIND BARS IN JIG TIME!

YOU DON'T SCARE ME, REDMASK. MY NOSE IS CLEAN. I'M JUST STOPPING OVER, SEE?



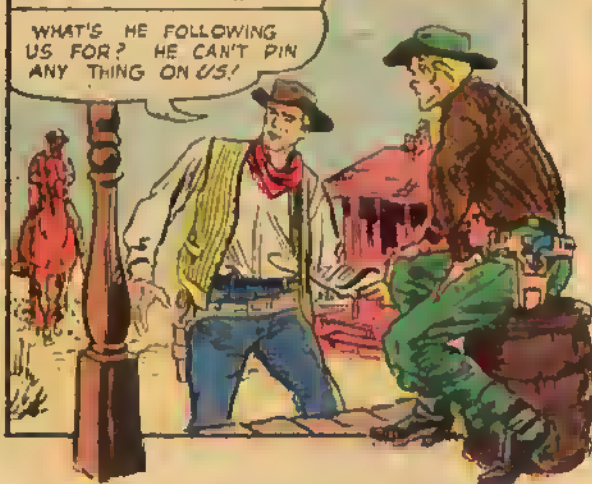
"NEXT DAY HIS TWO PALS RODE INTO TOWN. THEY STOCKED UP HEAVY ON FOOD, THEN RODE OUT..."

THEY HAVE SOMETHING UP THEIR SLEEVES— BUT WHAT?



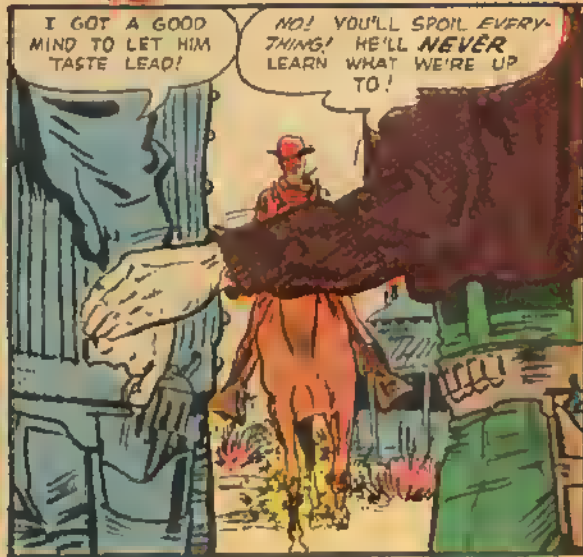
"THE KID AND HIS FRIENDS HOLED UP IN THE GHOST TOWN, TWENTY MILE. REDMASK WENT RIDING AFTER THEM..."

WHAT'S HE FOLLOWING US FOR? HE CAN'T PIN ANY THING ON US!



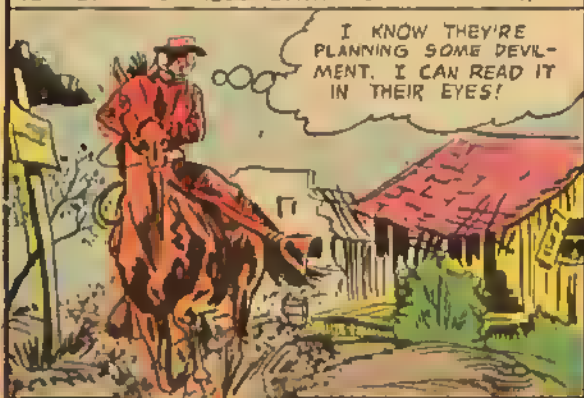
I GOT A GOOD MIND TO LET HIM TASTE LEAD!

NO! YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING! HE'LL NEVER LEARN WHAT WE'RE UP TO!



"THE CACTUS KID WAS RIGHT. REDMASK WANDERED AROUND, KEEPING TO HIMSELF, BUT HE FOUND NO EVIDENCE OF LAW-BREAKING. SO HE TURNED AND RODE BACK OUT OF TOWN..."

I KNOW THEY'RE PLANNING SOME DEVILMENT. I CAN READ IT IN THEIR EYES!



"REDMASK DID NOT RIDE FAR. ONLY TO THE REMAINS OF THE ARMY QUARTERMASTER PATROL CAUGHT BY APACHES THOSE TWO YEARS BEFORE..."

HMMM! SEEMS I REMEMBER SOMETHING I HEARD ABOUT THIS PATROL! WHAT WAS IT?



"FROM SIGNS AND CLUES, HIS TRAINED EYES COULD RECONSTRUCT THE SCENE THAT TOOK PLACE AS THAT DOOMED PATROL STAGED ITS LAST DESPERATE FIGHT..."

NO USE, LAOS! WE CAN'T OUTFRIM THE 'PACHES! IF THEY WANT A FIGHT, WE'LL GIVE IT TO THEM!



"RIDING WITH THAT PATROL WERE THE CACTUS KID AND HIS PALS. AND REMEMBER, THEY'D JUST HELD UP THE BANK? THEY FIGURED THAT SUCH A LARGE NUMBER OF HOOFPRIENTS WOULD HIDE THEIRS FROM RED MASK..."

"THE APACHES CAME SWOOPING IN, FIRING ARROWS, HURLING LANCES, TRIGGERING CAPTURED RIFLES!"

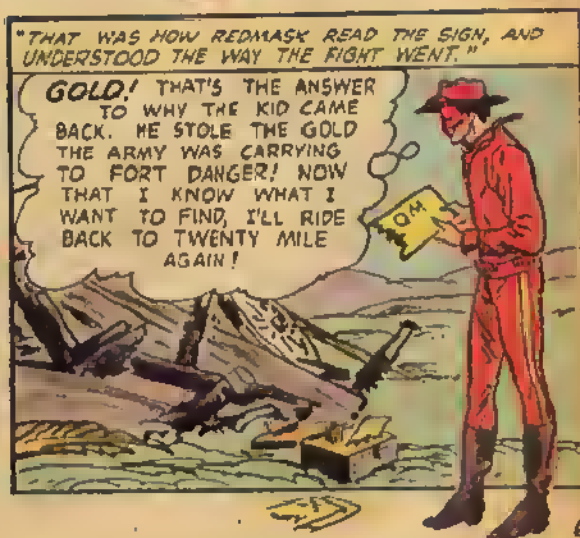
"ONE BY ONE, THE CAVALRYMEN—WHO WERE GREATLY OUT-NUMBERED—WENT DOWN!"



"FIRE ARROWS SOON HAD THE QUARTERMASTER WAGONS IN FLAMES!"



"BEFORE THE APACHES COULD GATHER TO COME IN FOR THEIR FINAL ASSAULT, THE CACTUS KID MADE HIS MOVE!"



"AHEAD OF REDMASK, GREED AND FURY LIQUOR WERE DOING THEIR PART TO SEPARATE OLD PARTNERS..."

I GET A HALF OF THE GOLD! IT WAS ME WHO THOUGHT OF IT!

WE WENT TO PRISON WITH YOU! IT'S SHARE-AND-SHARE ALIKE!

YOU DON'T LIKE A THIRD SHARE EACH? THEN YOU GET NONE AT ALL!

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT WON'T GET ANY!

"THERE WAS AN AWESOME SILENCE AFTER THOSE TREMENDOUS GUN BLASTS!"

GOT ME...

I'M DYING!

"FOR A MINUTE, CACTUS KID STOOD ERECT. BUT THERE WAS A BULLET-HOLE IN HIS HAT. ONLY, THIS TIME, HIS HEAD HAD BEEN THERE WHEN THE BULLET WENT IN!"

NOW NONE OF US WILL GET THE GOLD...

"A FEW MINUTES LATER, REDMASK CAME TO THE DOOR..."

ALL OF THEM—DEAD! NOW HOW CAN I FIND THE GOLD THEY MUST HAVE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE?

REDMASK FOUND THE GOLD ALL RIGHT! THE CACTUS KID HAD DRAWN THE MAP RIGHT HERE INSIDE HIS HAT! THE OUTLAWS WENT TO THEIR GRAVES, AND THE GOLD WENT BACK TO THE UNITED STATES ARMY—THANKS TO REDMASK!

THE
END

BOYS AND GIRLS!
IF YOU LIKE THESE "TALES OF REDMASK'S CAVE"—WRITE IN AND LET US KNOW. WE CAN ARRANGE FOR THE BLACK PHANTOM TO BE ON HAND WITH MORE!



RADIO

MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS



ELECTRONIC TWO-WAY WRIST WATCHES



BOY ROBERT FLASH CAMERA



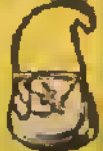
BOY ROBERT AIRCIRCULATORS



NIGHT VISION FINDER SET



RADIO WIND POCKET WATCH



RADIO WIND SLEEP BAR



SPORTS EQUIPMENT



ROLLER SKATES



JET RIDING PLANE RIDER SET



TWO MAN WALTZER SET



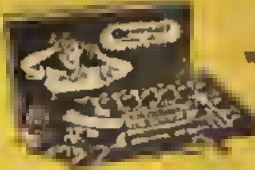
TENNIS TENNIS SET



POINTING KNIFE SET



WRITING CLIPPER SET



TYPEWRITER



WINDUP WITH ARTHUR COOFEY PLAYER



PRESSURE COOKER



WORD SURPRISE SET



SEWING MACHINE



RADIO RECORDING



SEWING MACHINE

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TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SEND NO MONEY!... We Trust You!

He
Pal!
Win
\$100

as I
just
did!

Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

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for money-making work!
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BEFORE

YOU CAN
WIN
a BIG 15"
SILVER CUP
as I just did
with YOUR
NAME
Packed
on 100



HE-MAN NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon
Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lbs.
Skeleton

He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of
mighty
muscle

How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These 5 PICTURE-PACKED
HE-MAN COURSES
Which YOU can NOW get FREE
BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
- Millions Sold in 31

GET
ALL 5
FREE

1

"I'm
PROUD
to be
seen
with
Jim
NOW!
Every-
body
admires
his build," says Nellie.
"Jim can hit the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"

You'll be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER
in ALL SPORTS NOW,
YOU will be, too, soon.

2

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

3

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby
you are I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned myself from a
weak to the strongest of the strong.
Why can't I do for you what I did for
MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows
like you?

"Congratulations,
1941! At last you
mailed the coupon
as EVERY MAN
should. Soon YOU'll
be as big and strong
as I am."
- Says Jim Norman
to John Luckas

4

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!
YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDER
Beaded from head to heels you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED, YOU'll be A
WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

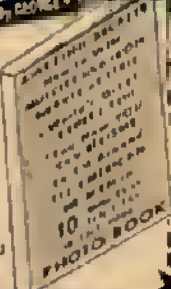
5

HOW TO HOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP
By GEORGE F. JAWETT

HOW TO HOLD A
MIGHTY LEGS
By GEORGE F. JAWETT

Mail the
"ALL
FREE"
Coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL,
ACT, like A Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends.
Win in Sports!
Win Promotion,
Pride, Popularity.



This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" 1st!
SILVER MURPHY (Your Name On It)

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. Five Courses 2. Muscle Meter

3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. HE47

Tell Me How to
Win \$100.00

Complete
instructions
for
winning
the
big
prize
of
\$100.00
and
a
big
15" 1st!

WEST INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
Dear George: Please send me the 1st! I want the Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses. I want to build a Mighty Chest, I want to build a
Mighty Arm, I want to build a Mighty Grip, I want to build
a Mighty Back, I want to build a Mighty Leg, I want to build
a Mighty Body. I want to become a Mighty He-Man. (Enclosure 1940-1941
and 1942-1943)

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

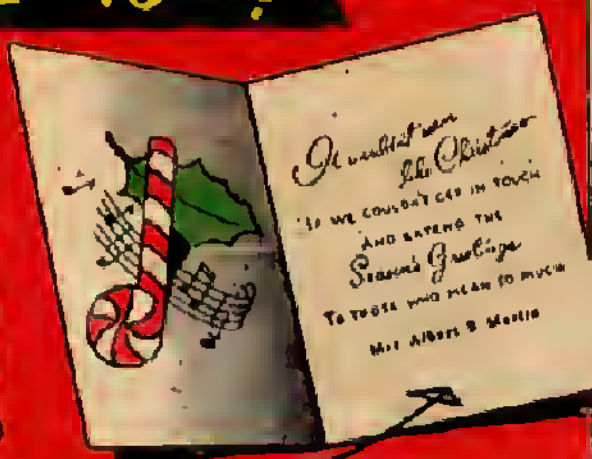
SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

WANT TO MAKE \$40.60?

Take orders for

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

printed with sender's name



28 SAMPLES FREE

SELL FOR
3¢
EACH

You can make \$40.60 cash if you take less than 30 orders on our amazing double-up plan. Sell Personal Christmas Cards printed with Sender's Name for just about 3¢ each. They're equal to 15¢ to 25¢ cards without the name im-

printed. No selling experience needed—we send you FREE albums of 28 styles—all actual cards. Also big special box assortment sent on approval. You will take orders fast from friends, neighbors, relatives, businessmen.

No charge—no money needed—just send name . . . we show you how to write up orders!

The most complete line of name-imprinted cards in America. Choice of 28 exciting new designs including Religious, Humorous, Artistic and Business. Printed, Embossed or Die Cut. All in beautiful portfolios that makes taking orders just a matter of showing these beautiful samples. Money-making is fun!

We send everything you need to make money at once. There's a big money to be made right now on Box Assortments and Gift Wraps too—and we send on approval exciting new card and wrap designs you can sell right away just as easily as winking your eye.

The biggest buying season of the year is starting right now. You can make every day a pay day from now until Christmas. You can sell full time or spare time—to anyone.

And we make it so easy. You don't need one penny yet we show you exactly how to earn any sum you set your heart on—right away. Just send your name and address and we do the rest. You'll get 8 money-making portfolios, sales-winning Assortments and General's cash-packed 1954 color catalog. Just mail coupon today!

GENERAL CARD COMPANY

1300 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 183-1, Chicago 7, Ill.

28 SAMPLES FREE
send coupon



28 actual cards in handsome portfolios that sell at a glance. PLUS sample assortment boxes on approval, PLUS 1954 catalog of real money-makers including all-occasion card assortments, stationery, gift wrappings and tyings, novelties and gift items.

JUST SEND NAME TODAY

GENERAL CARD CO., Dept. 183-1
1300 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Ill.

Push at once your selling portfolio of 28 actual cards absolutely free, plus sample assortment boxes on approval and full details so I can start making money immediately.

Name Address

City State